

Topeka State Journal

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Topeka celebrated its greatest and finest Christmas Saturday because of the material cheer that was so generously distributed by those who had to those who hadn't.

When the cat's away the mice will play. A report from Stockholm states that members of the now Fordless mission are "seeing the sights" rather than talking peace. And think of the delights of sight-seeing when some one else is footing the bills.

What's the answer? During the recent really cold spell, the local gas supply, while nothing much to brag about, was of voluminous proportions compared with what it was when only chilly days came along a little while ago. Perhaps it is merely a coincidence that at that time the question of increasing the gas rate was still in the process of determination, while now it is settled for the time being at any rate.

On these cold mornings, the smoke laden atmosphere of Topeka is reminiscent of the winter days before the boom of natural gas reached the town. In other words, most folk have finally gone back to coal and wood for heating purposes.

An indictment, of course, is not a conviction, not conclusive evidence of guilt. But for a member of congress even to be charged formally with participation in any such activity as to foment labor troubles, as is the case with Representative Buchanan of Illinois, is a sad commentary, indeed, on the patriotism that might reasonably be expected to prevail among all who are elevated to the higher public stations of the nation.

England's cabinet is reported to have decided upon a modified form of conscription. But labeling it "modified" probably won't make it a less bitter pill for the Britishers to swallow.

Sarah Bernhardt must be striving for the laurels that have been monopolized of late by the Crown Prince of Germany. Reported as dying a day or so ago, she is now on her way to London to recite a few pieces.

President Wilson's birthday cake was such a large one that he could eat all he wanted of it and still have plenty left.

It is only natural, of course, with some one else paying the bills, that all the members of the Ford peace party should be the good eaters that Mrs. Boiesvain says they are.

Mexico's methods are always unique but all of them are not as effective as the one which has been evolved by Carranza and his aids to enforce the Mexican chief's prohibition decree. Not only is the sale of liquor under a deadly ban, but anybody who takes a drink is liable to be lined up against a wall and shot.

Spring, gentle spring, is in the offing. The major league baseball teams are announcing the itineraries of their training trips.

An interesting instance of how the history of the European war is repeating is to be found in the fact that just a year ago this time reports were current that Kaiser Wilhelm was seriously ill.

At any rate, the joy-ride of the Ford peace protagonists is not a "jitney" affair. It has cost its promoter an enormous sum of money.

RIVERS PART OF PORK BARREL.
 Many of the river and harbor projects have been simply dishonest, declares the January World's Work. Practically every part of the country has visible evidence that this statement is true. The nation is plastered with unused "canalizations," unfinished projects, and streams with deep channels that do not carry a particle of freight. We have "improved" creeks that are dry for many months in the year. We have dredged out branch rivers without providing channels in the main stream. We have dug out rivers at their sources and left their mouths unimproved. We have located locks, not where they would most promote navigation, but in the

districts of congressmen that most clamorously called for them. We have dredged channels, not to improve general navigation, but merely to provide access to private manufacturing plants—as justifiable a use of public money as would be the construction of private railroad sidings. We have built dams for no other purpose than to provide private factories with water power, and have drained swamps in order to make valuable privately owned real estate. We have spent millions in building canals—like the famous Hennepin—which, when finished, have developed practically no traffic.

ALL HAIL TO KANSAS CROPS.
 A most substantial reason why the New Year should be a happy one for Kansas is to be found in the report of J. C. Mohler, secretary of the state department of agriculture, which shows that the value of the Kansas crops for the past year is the second highest on record, reaching the grand and remunerative total of \$311,500,000 in round numbers. And these crop values come on top of the record-breaking ones of 1914, which surely should mean that Kansas is in a position to withstand a lean agricultural year in handsome fashion. However, such a year is not yet in sight, and the possibility of experiencing one will be minimized to the extent that the Kansas agriculturists indulge in diversified farming, as many of them are already doing.

PEACE PROSPECTS POOR.
 Significant, indeed, are the reports that the German chancellor is soon to visit Vienna with full conditions under which the central powers will accept peace and that after a discussion of them with the statesmen of Austria they will be communicated to the Allies. But these reports do not necessarily signify that a move in the direction of a peace in the immediate future will result. If there is any truth in the news reports that have been coming from Europe during the past few weeks, the Allies are as determined as they ever were, if not more so, to make one or more attempts to crush the forces of the Teutons by arms, and these attempts cannot very well be undertaken until spring. The attitude of France, which has taken a more aggressive line, has recently placed another order in this country for \$30,000,000 worth of large shells alone. It is reasonable to assume that the same is true of England and her land forces, or army, in fact. The new recruits now being sent to the front are more numerous than 4,000,000 men, and recent reports have it that she has finally decided on a modified form of conscription to raise still larger numbers of soldiers.

A huge Russian bear is being equipped with munitions of war and re-provisioned by his allies on an enormous scale. Italy has finally gathered and equipped an army of 2,000,000 men, and states that the campaign she has waged so far has merely been a preliminary character. England and her allies have raised billions of dollars to prosecute the war further. And it doesn't stand to reason that all these preparations have been and are being made by the Allies only to be discarded through a proper understanding of the Teutons. They are more certain to get action out of these preparations. And besides the probabilities are that the peace terms that Germany and Austria may be willing to accept will be as acceptable in any way to their enemies, and especially because of their enormous preparations to carry on the war through another spring and summer. Rather would peace proposals from the Teutons be discarded through a proper understanding of the Allies to fight on. They would be construed as a confession that Germany and Austria see on the wall a handwriting that tells of an inevitable defeat if the war be continued; and with the Allies dictating the peace terms.

THE BRITISH FLEET'S WORK.

It is hard for the landman to realize that the silent pressure of Sea Power may decide the ultimate issue of the Great War without any pitched battle whatever, writes C. Laut, in the American Review of Reviews of December in an article entitled "What Sea Power Means to England." It has been said that one single error in the fleet might end the history of England; yet men have asked in wonder and scepticism—where is the fleet? What is it doing? Where are those boats of mystery that slip in and out of the fog, the watch-dogs of the empire, blood whither and whence no man knows? Isn't this policy of secrecy being maintained too rigidly? We, the public, have paid the bill; and it has been the fleet of the navy that in 1906 for dreadnaughts, \$1,500,000 in 1905 for dreadnaughts plus some new wrinkles in guns and plating and speed; \$2,700,000 in 1910 for super-dreadnaughts, with such speed and hitting power as the world has never before known. We've paid the bill and we've been the victors. The fleet of the navy in 1906 for dreadnaughts, \$1,500,000 in 1905 for dreadnaughts plus some new wrinkles in guns and plating and speed; \$2,700,000 in 1910 for super-dreadnaughts, with such speed and hitting power as the world has never before known. We've paid the bill and we've been the victors.

Now that it is over, we pause to inquire if it is the Christmas rush which drives some men to spell it "Xmas." One trouble with coining the amateur to perform is the probability that said amateur will yield to the persuasion.

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

[From the Philadelphia Record.]
 The fellow who always butts in gets our goat.
 All the world's a stage, but the devil needs no understudy.
 Even who's lost is lost in thought if he may have some difficulty in finding himself.
 Tell the average man to take his horse and cart, he will want to grab the whole thing.
 You never can tell. Sometimes the most worthless fellow may have a big bank account.
 Mary a fellow would be perfectly willing to love his neighbor, if she would only let him.
 It seems the natural bent of some folk to quarrel on their knees to every girl they meet.
 Many a woman is blind to her husband's faults when she can't even see through his jokes.
 Occasionally you meet a woman who is almost as much afraid of her husband as he is of her cock.
 Wags—Dr. Slasheim seems to be quite a snigger for correct attire.
 Wags—Yes, I don't believe he would perform an operation unless he were a cutaway coat.
 "That woman who has just moved into our block thinks she is too good for the rest of us. I've found her out." Mrs. Bugbins—"So have I. Every time I've called."

the client work of the mysterious fleet; and it hasn't been negative work. It has been positive, though every move has been shrouded in mystery and secrecy. The fleet has guarded the transport of 2,500,000 men. It has brought home more than half a million invalids. It has protected the carrying of 3,000,000 tons of food and supplies for Great Britain. It has made safe the conveying of 800,000 acres. It has ensured the Allies' supplies and munitions to the value of a billion and a half dollars. It has patrolled and policed the sea lanes of the world for a year and a half; so, though the most colossal war that ever shook the world is in progress, the remotest sea lane outside the mined areas is safe as in times of peace.

Journal Entries

Few people repeat a story without attempting to enlarge and improve it.
 Any number of men are clever enough to hire other people to make money for them.
 Not a few folk are so unreasonable as to expect warm weather in the winter time.
 You're apt to underestimate a man if you judge him according to your own standards.
 Another advantage of cold weather is that you don't have to dodge so many automobiles.

Jayhawker Jots

Butchering time is here, notes the Soldier Clipper, and it advises: Put a little rabbit in the sausage, it helps the flavor.
 With optimism of unusual proportions, the Coffeyville Journal suggests that a California man has produced a seedless apple, maybe some enterprising restaurant will produce a seedless apple pie.
 You may be able to win a man through the stomach, observes Ernest Trimmer in the Gove County Republican-Gazette, but you have to win around in your pocketbook to please a woman.
 Something new in the "card of thanks" line appears in the edition of the Elk County Sun, when a family inserted a card to the public expressing gratitude and appreciation for the assistance rendered by neighbors in obtaining a parrot for its son.

Only a few years ago, states the Inman Review, a quarter section sand hill farm could be bought for \$500 but now they are better than \$4,000. If a few West Virginia peanut growers could be induced to grow peanuts, those bare hills might soon be selling higher than wheat farms.

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Globe Sights

BY THE ATCHISON GLOBE.

An unreasonable person is one who disagrees with you.
 Don't be a good fellow to the extent of bothering busy people.
 Neutrality, however, is not the only form of hypocrisy in this well known world.

When people say "How are you?" they probably don't give a darn how you are.

Don't kick your opponents on the theory that the bigger they are the harder they fall.

No man can do his best work when angry, so it is hard to drive men to do their best work.
 If it were not for the certainty of being found out, a liar would have more luck as a diplomat.

"Your valuable newspaper," in a note to the editor, generally precedes a touch for free advertising.

Even now so much, you may know about the kind of order that is maintained in an "orderly" saloon.

Despite the progress in aviation, the cost of living continues to hold the record of altitude and endurance.

Some young men, some old men and some fish worms are alike, in that the chickens get them sooner or later.

Now that it is over, we pause to inquire if it is the Christmas rush which drives some men to spell it "Xmas."

One trouble with coining the amateur to perform is the probability that said amateur will yield to the persuasion.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

[From the Chicago News.]

It may curb a fast bachelor to bridal him.
 Nearly every girl worth having has been in love before.

When a woman reaches a certain age it is always because she has taken a survey of the situation. Some horrible mistake had occurred, for it was evident that the Peble Beach hotel was going to be a failure.

She must get out of the hotel as soon as possible and communicate with Mr. Charlson. Meantime, if she only had a woman.

On the Spur of the Moment

BY ROY K. MOLLISON.

Memories.
 Old-fashioned elastic sleeve holders.
 Bulldog shoes.
 Wristlets.
 Men's gaiters.
 Disc music boxes.
 Niagara Falls transparencies.
 Wax flowers.
 Views of the World's Fair.
 Old-fashioned mustard plasters.
 Initials in the shirt sleeves.
 Raincoats with capes.
 Crullers.

The Hickeyville Clarion.

Anse Higgins was going home from the Golden Nugget the other night when he saw a fellow sneak around and try to climb the Lem Purdy's house. The constable and the fire department were notified and after a desperate struggle in the dark the man was captured. When they got him to the calaboose they found the culprit was none other than Lem Purdy himself, who had got a shave and whose wife wouldn't let him into the house, thinking he was some burglar.

Hi Skroggs of this town, who has been on the stage as a living skeleton for fourteen years, has been obliged to quit his job because he has lost his hair. He laughed and grew fat.

Hank Tumms has got a phonograph, but he hasn't got a good record. Virtue is its own reward, especially when a fellow is running a newspaper.

The cement walk in front of the U. B. church is cracked. Guess it must have been stretched too tight when it was put down.

A Stand Off.

A customer in a local restaurant being waited on by a particularly tall and fine looking waiter with a foreign accent, asked the man his nationality.

"Oh, I'm Hungarian," was the reply.
 "How comes it, then, that a big strong fellow like you is not on the firing line?" asked the visitor.

"Well, sir, it's like this," replied the knight of the napkin, pointing to a brother waiter a few tables off. "You see that man? Well, he's a Serb, and we have vat you call paired."

Evening Chat

BY RUTH CAMERON.

Your Most Important Friend.

"If a man does not make new acquaintances as he passes through life he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendships in constant repair."

If we worked as hard to make and hold friends as we do to gain some material advantage, how much more happiness we should probably get out of life.

Every once in a while it comes to me how much of the happiness of life rises from congenial companionship.

You go to some function. The collation is laid out and the entertainment of the best. But you do not have a particularly good time.

A few nights later you are bidden to some affair where the entertainment is not elaborate and the party of the simplest. But you meet two or three old friends and find that you have a common interest fuse you at once into a companionable group, you fall into a fine humor of laughter and good talk, and you go home glowing and alive. And nothing material has made the difference, just friendship.

What would a success be without a genial friend to share it with? "You could read Kant by yourself," says Stevenson, "but you must share a joke with someone else."

How much pleasure is it to go to the theatre and sit alone, or to be talking that play over with you more than I did attending it, a woman said to me the other day. "You see I had to go alone and there was no one to compare notes with."

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 "That woman who has just moved into our block thinks she is too good for the rest of us. I've found her out." Mrs. Bugbins—"So have I. Every time I've called."

TO PETERKIN IN HEAVEN.

Jolly playmate once you were,
 Amber eyes and dark brown hair,
 Flouting tall and friendly spring,
 Merry, gay, living thing!
 Two eyes that with sulphur flames
 Showed your hiding place in games;
 Like a lion's in a book
 Sometimes gleamed your kitten's look.

Now that you that were so gay
 Are dead, I lonely make a play
 Of playing that your silky ears
 Had the music of the spheres,
 Or that destiny at dice
 Has thrown you into paradise,
 And St. Peter with a grin
 Welcomed patty Peterkin.

Do you pat with puzzled paw
 On the tables of the law,
 Riting at the bell and gem
 As they hang from Aaron's beam?
 Do you romp on top the flaming bars
 To play at ball with wandering stars,
 Running back at last to purr
 While the angels put your fur.

So I fancy you above,
 Poor dead kitten that I love:
 So from my own thoughts I hide
 How I miss you, and how I grieve
 Mary Isabelle O'Sullivan in Harper's Magazine for January.

The Evening Story

A Month Too Early.
 (By Dean Carruthers.)

Cleely Meredith re-read the letter from the manager of the Pebble Beach hotel. It informed her that her application had been accepted and that the salary would be sixty dollars a month with board.

"Please report for duty May 15," it ended.
 "May 15," repeated Cleely, "that is next week—why, I had no idea the season opened until the middle of June."

"Some summer resorts are very popular during the late spring months," observed her mother. "Well, dear, if you are going next week I'll write to your grandmother that I am coming to spend three months with her. We may as well give up the flat and store our furniture once."

"It may be lonely at first, mother. But just think how much good the fresh salt air will do me. I shall be able to save nearly all of my salary and we can start afresh in town when fall comes."

"I am glad. Now, dear, we have packing to do and some more sewing before you go. I'll write to mother for you."

The days sped swiftly and finally came the moment when Cleely parted from her mother at the junction which separated their journeys. Mrs. Meredith's road would carry her along the north shore of the vine-bowered home her father had bought for her, and among the sand dunes by the sea.

The Pebbleton station was perched on a ridge of ground and from it a road started down to the sea. There was a board walk along the beach and several great caravanseries lifted their bulk above the high-water mark.

The sea looked cold and gray now as Cleely, the only passenger to leave the station, started for the scene which was to be her home for several months. The sky had darkened and great thunderheads were piling up in the distance.

"I want to go to the Pebble Beach hotel," explained Cleely to the station porter, who handed her a stage or cab to take her there.

He shook his head.
 "You can walk it easy, miss. It's the last hotel on the right—the one that stands alone. Just go down the road to the board walk and follow the light house. There's a storm brewing. Seems as if the hotel was opening pretty early this year," he added curiously.

"Earlier than usual," said Cleely. "June 15 is the regular opening day, but I notice the carpenters have been busy for some time. There's a lot ready for guests. There, hear that thunder. You better wait here or run."

"I'll run," said Cleely as she hurried down the road.
 She hated thunderstorms and so she fled from this kind of thing. Possessed of great fear. It was with shortened breath and throbbing heart that she reached the last hotel and found it closed.

A jagged flash of lightning streaked the gray sky to the horizon.
 Cleely held her umbrella, her hand on the front door knob. But it refused to yield to her touch. There was no bell, but there might be another way in. She opened the door and looked out.

"Is any one here?" asked Cleely. But another crash of thunder shook the building. "Oh, dear," she cried, in dismay. "I was going to ask if I could have a room. I was so nervous."

While she quivered there, she heard another sound—a sound of footsteps echoing through empty rooms overhead.

Some one else was here—she heard men's voices and a rough laugh. Impulsively she darted through the light gate in the clerk's inclosure and crouched under the counter.

"What does it mean?" she asked her frightened heart. The place seemed closed, but Mr. Charlson must have received my note saying that I would obey his instructions and report for duty today. Oh, dear, if it would only stop thundering. I believe I'd go back to the railroad station."

Cleely came out from her crouched position and looked at the clock. It was a survey of the situation. Some horrible mistake had occurred, for it was evident that the Pebble Beach hotel was going to be a failure.

She must get out of the hotel as soon as possible and communicate with Mr. Charlson. Meantime, if she only had a woman.

She opened one of the desk drawers and groped in its dark interior. Her fingers closed on something hard. It was a revolver. A feeling of security stiffened her courage.

At that moment light footsteps sounded on the veranda outside. Some one tried the front door and then went around to the office entrance.

And then the door opened and closed. The presence of the woman who had been waiting for her was gone. He motored over occasionally to give Cleely news of the progress of repairs at Pebbleton and one day he said he had decided to act as clerk at the Pebble Beach that summer.

He left her at her grandmother's gate, and with a promise of the hotel was gone. He motored over occasionally to give Cleely news of the progress of repairs at Pebbleton and one day he said he had decided to act as clerk at the Pebble Beach that summer.

But I thought you were going to Europe," protested Cleely.
 "That can wait," he said slowly. A flush came into his dark face. "I have a lot to do here—some day."

"Oh!" said Cleely and changed the subject, but his words rang in her ears. The memory of his look thrilled her heart; she only knew that the man was to be a dream of joy if he was to spend it with her, and beyond the summer she would not look.

—(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
 Now was her chance to escape.

"I'LL GET HIM WHEN HE CROSSES THE LINE"



Household Hints

The Table.

Reliable Eggless Fruit Cake—One pound fat salt pork chopped fine; four eggs, one cup molasses, one cup citron and one cup walnut meats into small pieces. Stir one large teaspoon soda into one cup molasses. Then take one pound brown sugar, one teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon and one of nutmeg; stir these with the other ingredients, together with flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake in bread pans for two hours in a very slow oven. This recipe makes three loaves. If properly wrapped, loaf cakes will keep a year. It is adaptable for small or individual cakes. Add two well beaten eggs after beating with any preferred filling or for loaf cakes.

Refrigerated Celery—Wash celery, using vegetable brush; cut in small pieces, drop in boiling water and salt. At end of ten minutes, when tender, drain, pour white sauce over it. White sauce: One cup milk, three tablespoons butter, three tablespoons flour, one-half teaspoon salt. Melt butter, add flour, then milk, stir until mixture thickens.

Cherry Dumplings—Bring to a boil stone cherries, sugar and water in a kettle with close fitting lid. Add dumplings made as follows: Sift to a fine powder flour, one cup, one spoon salt and one teaspoon good baking powder. Mix to a smooth, stiff matter with three tablespoons milk; add two well beaten eggs; after beating smooth, drop batter by small spoonfuls into boiling cherries. Cover.

Yellow Teeth—Baking soda applied once a day to yellow teeth will greatly aid towards whitening them. Better results are obtained by applying same with the end of a bath towel, rather than with a toothbrush.

If part of a bottle of olive has been used and you wish to keep the remainder for some time, add a pinch of salt to the brine and pour in bottle enough olive oil to cover brine.

If cookies do not grow readily in oven, place them in broiler under flame; they will brown instantly.

A little